Flood Hunt

by Dabookman

Summary: The flood attack a lone defence squad a long way from home
and only one man survives, can he live long enough to stop their
invasion? Please R&R!

   1. The Sound Of Death

**Disclaimer: I don't own anything but the squad characters, and the
plot.**

Flood Hunt

Chapter 1 â€" The Sound Of Death

A sound behind me. I whipped around, lifting my assault rifle and
pressing the scope to my eye. It was dark, but the barrel-mounted
flashlight of my rifle shone clearly, cutting through the shadows.
There it was again, a funny gurgling chatter. I had heard that sound
before, and it brought back terrible memories.

**Bullets and plasma blasts flew through the air as we fought the
endless wave of Flood that was swarming through the bunker. Michael
tripped and before I could do anything, he was consumed and mutated
into a hideous Flood Carrier. I showed him mercy and blew him to tiny
pieces with a plasma grenade, before wiping out the spawned Flood
with a burst from my assault riffleâ€¦**

Suddenly, from my left leapt out a huge Flood creature, brandishing a
Needler. I smashed it in the face with the butt of my riffle,
knocking it to the ground. I let loose a clip into the foul creature,
and picked up the Needler, I would need it later.

â€¦**Two more of my squad were killed by a grenade thrown by one of
the Flood, and it wasn't long before what remained of them was
consumed. "John!" I yelled over the sound of explosions and gunfire.
"Give me a rocket in the centre of that group of Carriers,
Now!"**

"**Right" he yelled back, "Keep clear!"**

I heard the dull 'Whump' as the rocket was fired from the rocket launcher, and a second later I saw the missile fly past me, headed straight toward a cluster of the explosive Flood Carriersâ€¦

I ran forward through the dense forest undergrowth, acutely aware of all the sounds around me. There was none. I broke through some ferns and saw in front of me, a huge complex, with what appeared to be a squad of unmanned Ghosts out the front of the thick steel door. I ran toward the complex, there was bound to be a communications system in there, and I had to make contact with HQ, they had to know what was going on, before it was too late.

This is my first try at a Fan Fic, but all reviews are welcome. So please review!

2. The Beginning

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Chapter 2 â€" The Beginning

_Three days earlier - _"What a dump!" muttered John, "How'd we score bunker duty?"

I looked around, there was junk everywhere! The bunker didn't look like it had been cleaned in about two weeks! But then again, being stuck out at a remote defence station half way across the galaxy, on a ring world floating through space, with jack all to do but sit around and wait for the next unlucky bunch of souls to "volunteer" for frontline defence isâ€¦well, enough to make anyone a little careless.

"Don't get use to it," I said "'cause it looks like we've got some cleaning up to do." Groans came from all the men around me.

"Come on Sarge, cut us a little slack, we only just got here!"

"I don't really give a damn." I said "Find your bunks, drop your gear and form up. You've got five minutes, so GET TO IT!"

A flurry of activity burst out around me as every man in my five man squad raced forward to do what they had to, this was the military after all. Within three minutes flat my men where lined up and at attention, gear stored and waiting for their next command. This was the best bunch of men I had ever had control of, and I knew every single one from the day they entered the corps.

John was a heavy weapons expert, the kind of guy who likes to blow things up just for fun, and blow them up big. He was also BIG, 7 feet tall and full of muscles from regular gym work. He could lift a Warthog without breaking a sweat, run 10 miles without stoping once, and knock you out cold if you got on his bad side.

Michael was a grunt, but a fiercely loyal friend, and that made him tough. He once survived a gruelling thirteen day live-fire

exercise with bullet wounds to his chest, while carrying his best friend Nicholas on his back, who had been hit in the legs by shrapnel from a rogue grenade. He was lean, with brown hair and highly athletic.

Nicholas was a sniper, and an excellent marksman, but he was extremely competitive, and would challenge anyone who thought they were better than him. He had a cybernetic right eye, (a replacement for the real one he lost in a bar fight) various scars on his face and body from brawls and near-misses, and the tattoo of a Jaguar on his left shoulder.

Gary was a hacker, one of the brightest in his field, but an internet incident landed him in my squad. He was a geeky looking guy with blonde hair, glasses and the annoying habit of ignoring you if he was with a computer.

Paul was a field mechanic; he could fix just about any type of vehicle or machine you could think of, provided he could study the plans first. His memory was excellent when it came to blueprints, but anything else just slipped right out his head. He was about 5 feet tall, with black hair and dark brown skin, and could swing a wrench at your head faster than you could say "Jamaica".

Myself, I was just a grunt, but I'd seen more battles than half of the officers in the Corps put together. I had experience. So, naturally, being told I had to do guard duty really pissed me off.

"Right," I said "You know why were here. We're here to patrol this sector of HALO Echo, and provide early warning to Earth if hostiles attack."

"So basically," muttered Gary, "we're just going to sit on our butts for the next six months, twiddling our thumbs and hoping something happensâ€¦great."

I looked at him sharply, "Get used to it, 'cause you're going to be doing it for a long time. And if I were you, I'd want to be hoping to high heaven nothing happens. There are some real badass aliens out there; and you don't want one of them breathing down the back of your neck."

Gary fidgeted; I'd gotten through to him, at least that was something.

"Right men, you know your posts, get to 'em."

I hope to be able to continue with this story, and should have the next chapter up at some stage in the next few weeks, but you never know. Anyway, please review!

    3. The Pod

Disclaimer: I don't own anything but the squad characters, and the plot.

Chapter 3 â€" The Pod

It was early in the morning, the light from the nearby star just beginning to creep over the top of the mountains surrounding the bunker. The dull hum of the Banshee's engines reverberated through its cabin as I flew a scout course low through the valley, five miles beneath the bunker. I skimmed the top of trees and created spray as I flew across the top of the river. The Com System crackled and Paul's voice floated from the speakers.

"How's the radar upgrade going Sarge? Is it all working properly?"

I looked at the radar screen for the fifth time that morning. Paul had upgraded it to scan in an eight mile radius, instead of the basic three mile, at the expense of weapon power. It had just enough plasma power to defend itself, but almost all the energy had been rerouted to the radar, and some to the engines. The Banshee was now purely a scout and recon machine, nowhere near as assault capable as it was when we found it.

There was a flashing yellow/red dot on the screen next to an outline of the bunker, also flashing yellow. The dot was a sensor buoy we had set up to test the radar. It had been programmed to emit both a friendly and foreign signal that would hopefully be picked up by the radar and identified. So far it had worked perfectly.

"It's all working fine Paul. I'm heading back now and I'll be there in about five minutes."

"Right," said Paul, "we'll pull the buoy down, over and out".

The Com crackled slightly as the connection was cut, and then the only sound in the cabin once again was the hum of the engines. I turned the Banshee back toward the bunker, and began to make my way back. After a few minutes the yellow/red flashing dot on my radar display disappeared as Paul and the others disassembled the sensor buoy and moved it back inside the bunker. I reached the LZ we had set up just after John disappeared inside with the last piece of buoy. Landing the Banshee gently on the grass, I popped the cabin shield and got out.

As I began to walk up the gentle slope of the nearby hill to the bunker, I heard a high-pitched whistle that quickly turned into a roaring scream over my head. I looked up to see some type of large pod, about the size of a Warthog, screaming through the air about a kilometre above me. The pod quickly disappeared behind the trees around the LZ and I lost sight of it. About thirty seconds later however, there was a dull roar from down the valley and the ground shook slightly. I bolted up the remaining part of the hill into the bunker to find my part of my team snatching binoculars off one another and trying to see where the pod had hit through an opening in the concrete wall. Nicholas suddenly jumped down from the top of the bunker and looked through the doorway at me.

"Sarge, you better come look at this." He said, before bolting back up the outside stairway.

As I ran outside and up the stairway, I wondered what the hell the pod could have been. I could tell it wasn't human, even from the brief glimpse I got, but whether it was friendly or hostile, I couldn't tell. I also couldn't figure out why the Banshee's radar didn't pick it up. Maybe it may just have been that it wasn't

emitting a signal, or that it was just empty space junk. I couldn't
be sure till we found it. When I reached the top of the stairs, I saw
Nicholas looking down the scope of his sniper rifle toward a column
of smoke rising from deep down in the valley. He looked up at me and
beckoned me over.

"Take a look Sarge, your not going to believe what's down there."

I placed my eye over the scope adjusted it till I could see clearly
through it. At first I thought that there was just black smoke, but
as I moved the rifle down, the pod came into view, and what I saw
took my breath away. I stood up and looked at Nicholas. "Come on," I
said, "we've got some investigating to do."

I turned and began to walk back down the stairs. "Nicholas," I called
back over my shoulder, "bring that rifle and extra ammo, along with a
sidearm from the armoury, we may need them."

I reached the bottom of the stairs and walked inside. The rest of my
team were still looking out of the "window" and wrestling each other
for the binoculars.

"Men," I said, and they all spun around to face me. "Get ready to go
on a recon mission. We're going to find out where that pod comes
from. Gary and Paul, I'll need you to stay behind. We can't leave the
bunker unguarded. If however we need you, we'll radio in."

"Right Sarge," said Paul,

"Sure thing Sarge" said Gary.

"Good, Michael, John, Nicholas, Armoury now."

I walked off to the back of the bunker and down into the large lower
level. This level was huge because it housed the vehicles and Armoury
of the bunker. I strode off toward a large steel door at the opposite
end of the room. I pressed my palm against the scanner on the wall
next to the door and after a few seconds, a loud hiss signalled
access to Armoury. The door swung forward on hydraulic hinges and
revealed a massive room that was about the size of a dropship, filled
with rifles, ammunition and explosives. I stepped inside and began to
hand out weapons. I gave a BR 55 to Michael and John along with a
standard issue handgun and two fragmentation grenades, and I handed
Nicholas extra sniper ammo and a handgun. Myself, I took a BR 55 as
well, but equipped it with an underslung grenade launcher.

"Just in case." I said. We all checked our ammo counts and I closed
off the Armoury. "You three," I said to the men before me, "take a
Warthog. I'll take the Banshee."

"Right Sarge."

I touched the Com activation button on the side of my ear. "Gary, can
you patch in a map overlay to the Warthog's radar?"

"Can do Sarge"

"Good man." I looked at the soldiers in front of me. "See you down
there." I said, before striding up the vehicle exit ramp and heading
toward the parked Banshee. Just as I reached it, I heard a series

loud revs and tyres squealing on concrete, and then a Warthog
launched out of the exit ramp and took off toward the crash site
through the forest path. I climbed into the cockpit of the Banshee
and powered up, lifting off and starting to head toward the downed
pod a few seconds later.

So, what do you think? Reviews Please!

    4. Questions

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plot.**

Chapter 4 â€" Questions

It didn't take long to find the Pod. All I had to do was head toward
the rising column of thick black smoke that was pouring from the
impact crater the Pod had created. The only difficult part was trying
to find a parking space. Eventually I found a patch of treeless
ground near the crater, settled the Banshee down gently, and got out.
After about a minute, Michael, John and Nicholas burst through the
nearby foliage in the Warthog and slid to a stop in front of me.
"Nicholas," I said, as they climbed out from their various positions
on the Warthog, "scan the crater, and search for any
hostiles."

"Right Sarge." Nicholas walked toward the crater, unslinging his
sniper rifle as he did so. As he reached the edge of the crater, he
lay on his stomach and began to scan the crater with the sniper
scope. "Looks clear Sarge. You could probably drive the 'hog down
there as well. As for the Pod, it looks pretty banged up, must have
been through some rough times. It's still intact though."

"What about debris?"

"Not much. That strange, glowing capsule I saw from the bunker's
still there. It's about ten metres from the rear of the
Pod."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing apart from that Sarge."

"Right. Nicholas, keep scanning, if you see something, radio it
in."

"Sure thing Sarge."

"Good. John, you're coming with me. We'll take the Warthog down and
start looking around. Michael, you're going to stay here and guard
Nicholas's back."

"I won't be the last time I've done something like that." laughed
Michael. "Don't worry, Nick's not about to die, not while I'm
around."

"I bloody well hope so," I said, "'cause if this thing's hostile, our
little holiday here could go to hell real fast."

Michael stopped laughing.

I looked at my men; "You all ready?" nods all round, "Then let's do this."

The Warthog bounced, slid and roared down the slope of the crater wall as John and I headed toward the crashed Pod, looking around for any sign of trouble. We came up alongside the glowing capsule and I slowed the Warthog to a stop. John leapt out of the passenger seat and began to scan the area, as I climbed out of the driver's side and approached the capsule with my sights on it. I reached it and immediately gave an involuntary start of surprise; what I had thought had been an explosive of some kind from the bunker, I now noticed to be a data capsule from one of Earth's Star Cruisers.

"John, get over here and take a look at this." I called over to him.

"Jesus, is that what I think it is?" whispered John, "What the hell is something like that doing with something like this Pod?"

"I have no idea, but I bet we can find out."

I looked up at the crashed Pod. There were strange symbols on the side that I could see that looked like letters of some kind. I left John to look at the capsule as I walked up closer to the Pod to get a better look at the symbols.

The skin of the Pod was pockmarked and scratched by unknown space debris and slightly burnt from the heat of re-entry, it also looked like it had been in space for a long time, the symbols and skin colour of the metal having faded slightly. I couldn't make sense of any of the symbols so I recorded it with my visor camera for later.

Turning around, I saw John picking the capsule up and placing it in the storage compartment of the Warthog, that capsule would tell us what we needed to know. Suddenly I realised something; the whole time we had been down here, including when we located the Pod from the Bunker, no-one had seen the opposite side of the Pod. Quickly I walked around the damaged hull of the Pod and came to the other side; what I saw made me gasp. Hidden from view by the Pod's bulk was a hatchway, and it was open.

What do you think about it? I could really do with some feedback as it's been pretty lame lately, and I want to make this story as good as possible, so please Review!

    5. Contact

Disclaimer: I don't own anything but the squad characters, and the plot.

FYI: Sorry about the long wait guys, I just ran out of steam for a bit. Anyhow, hope you like this latest chapter!

Chapter 5 â€" Contact

"John, get over here now!" I yelled. As I looked inside the hatchway,

movement caught my eye. A dark shadow moving toward the light was visible. "Holy shit," I thought, "what the hell is that?" A second later, John pounded around the edge of the Pod, and came to a halt beside me.

"What is it Sarge?"

I levelled my Assault Rifle at the dark opening, sighting down the scope. "What the hell do you think that is?" I said, indicating with the barrel of my gun. John turned to face the hatchway, bringing his rifle up at the same time.

"What do I think whatâ€¦Holy Shit!"

"_What is it Sarge?_" came Michaels tinny voice over the headset.

"I have no idea, but we're gonna find out real soon." The shadow had almost reached the hatchway; if it was hostile, it was going to have a very bad day.

"_Helpâ€¦meâ€¦pleaseâ€¦"_

"What the hell!" exclaimed John, glancing at me and back to the hatchway. "What was that?"

"_Pleaseâ€¦Please help meâ€¦"_ The shadow reached the opening, and out fell a broken man in a torn, burnt and bloodied uniform, but undoubtedly the uniform of an Advance Recon Unit (ARU).

"What the hell?" I yelled, lowering my rifle and stepping forward to help the soldier, "What happened to you? John, get the med kit."

"Got it Sarge," said John, and hurried off to the Warthog.

"_Attackedâ€¦me and my squadâ€¦out on reconâ€¦HALO ALPHAâ€¦Shitâ€¦ambushedâ€¦"_

"Hurry up with that kit! What's your name son?"

"_Benâ€¦Ben Kingâ€¦"_

"Don't worry Ben; we'll have you fixed up in no time."

"_Timeâ€¦coughâ€¦no timeâ€¦"_ suddenly, a strong hand griped the front of my armour, and Ben looked into my eyes, panic stricken. _"The capsuleâ€¦did you get cough, coughâ€¦the capsuleâ€¦? cough, cough, groan"_

"Don't worry, we got it." The hand released me.

"_Don't let them cough, cough, wheeze"â€¦get into spaceâ€¦ againâ€¦ dangerâ€¦universeâ€¦ inâ€¦ dangerâ€¦cough, wheeze, cough, coughâ€¦capsuleâ€¦dataâ€¦read it coughâ€¦universe in dangerâ€¦cough, coughâ€¦dangerâ€¦"_

As the poor man's life ebbed away, and John pelted back around the Pod, I felt something that I had not in a long timeâ€¦Fear. "Don't

worry son," I whispered, "we'll read it."

"What is it Sarge?" said John.

"He's gone," I said, eyes downcast, "but we've got to find out why. Help me take him to the 'Hog, we'll give him a proper burial, and then we've got some answers to find."

After setting up some auto guns and sensors around the Pod, and burying the ARU soldier, I assembled my team in the bunker and Gary activated the data capsule's Holo projector.

_Galactic Infantry Carrier _Frontline_ â€" Time to arrival: 30 minutes_

"**_This is the Carrier _Frontline_; we are enroot to _HALO ALPHA_ to meet with AR unit 13. Requesting passage through sector _Four-Zero-Alpha_ blockade."_**

"**_Permission granted _Frontline_, estimated time to arrival at _HALO ALPHA_, thirty minutes, Godspeed._**

_Galactic Infantry Carrier _Frontline_ â€" Time to arrival: 10 minutes_

"**_Hailing Carrier _Frontline_, I repeat, hailing Carrier _Frontline_, this is AR unit 13. Abort mission, I repeat, abort mission. We have located an Orbital Cannon on the surface of _HALO ALPHA_, and it is locked onto your drive signature. Message repeatsâ€¦"_**

"_Incoming fire!"â€¦_

_Galactic Infantry Carrier _Frontline_ â€" Status: Crashed_

"**_AR unit 13, this is the _Frontline_, we have crash landed on the surface of _HALO ALPHA_, repeat, we have crash landed on _HALO ALPHA_, request assistance."_**

"**Frontline_, this is AR unit 13, estimated time to rendezvous, 10 minutes."_**

"**_AR unit 13, this is _Frontline_, message received, we'll be awaiting your arrival."_**

_Galactic Infantry Carrier _Frontline_ â€" Status: Compromised_

(Machine gun fire, screams and explosions in background)** "Mayday, Mayday, this is the Galactic Infantry Carrier**** Frontline_, we have crash landed on _HALO ALPHA_ and are under heavy attack. Enemy is not the Covenant, I repeat, enemy is not the Covenant. Some kind of alien species, they are killing and taking those of us left after the crash, and mutating them into hideous monsters. We cannot last much longer. AR unit 13 that was stationed here has been wiped out, and there are not many of us left. If anyone can here me, destroy _HALO ALPHA_, I repeat, destroy _HALO ALPHA_â€¦_**_ (Scream in background)_

_Personal Data Link â€" Ben King, Status: Connected with _Frontline_

data capsule_

"_Holy Shit, we were just ambushed by the freakiest little monsters I have ever seen. They just wiped my squad out without even stopping, except to attach themselves to the dead. I'm going to need some serious therapy if I ever get out of here alive, watching one of your dead best mates mutate into one of those freaky things is something I'm not going to forget soon. I've got to get off this place. I saw a hanger near the Cannon earlier; I'll head over there now. This is some freaky shit."_

_Personal Data Link â€" Ben King, Status: Connected with _Frontline_ data capsule_

"_Aw shitâ€¦now I'm stuck on a transport being flown by those freaky little monsters, they must've learnt how to use the controls, then again, the frigging navigation systems are already set, all they had to do was press goâ€¦ still, better than being on the bloody ring. I could probably retake control of the ship if I wantedâ€¦_

_Transport Ship _Hercules_ â€" Time to _HALO Echo_: 10 minutes_

_Personal Data Link â€" Ben King, Status: Connected with _Frontline_ data capsule_

(Explosion) "Take that you mother fers! (Gunfire) Shit! You pay for that (long burst of gunfire) yeah! I got the ship now!"

**Warning, guidance system non responsive, estimated time to crash, 10 minutes. Recommend evacuation of transport immediately. Repeat, guidanceâ€¦**

"_Well that's great, I've got a busted shoulder and now I've got a busted ship. I suppose I'd better find an evacuation pod. Bloody covenant ships, flying junk if you ask me."_

Evacuation Pod 13 â€" Occupants: 1, Time to landing: 1 minute

_Personal Data Link â€" Ben King, Status: Connected with _Frontline_ data capsule_

"_At least those freaky little beasts are going to burnâ€¦" **All Pods launched and clear, estimated time to landing: 1 minute. Warning: Landing functions non responsive, crash is imminent.** "â€¦Why me? Why can't it be some other poor soul? Why'd it have to be me? Here we go againâ€¦"_

**Crash projected in 5â€¦**

_**4â€¦**_

_**3â€¦**_

_**2â€¦**_

_**1â€¦**_

The holoprojector stopped. "Sarge?" said John, "I think our holiday just went to hell."

What do you reckon? Good or bad? Please Review!

End
file.